

## THE FAIR PLAY.

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STE. GENEVIEVE, - MISSOURI.

### DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

Particulars of the Burning of the Brooklyn Theater—Over 300 Lives Lost.

New York, Dec. 6.—The fire in the Brooklyn Theater last night was attended by an appalling loss of life, and it is thought that not less than two hundred persons were killed in the rush to the exits, or burned to death, being unable to escape. The fire broke out during the performance of the last scene of the "Two Orphans," in which Miss Claxton, who plays the part of the heroine, was on the boat-house floor. In five minutes more the audience would have been dismissed, and there would have been nothing more serious to record than the destruction of property. The house was about two-thirds filled, those below sitting well forward toward the stage. For those in the family circle, dress circle and galleries there was no way to escape except by Washington Street.

THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE rushed pell mell towards and down the stairways, and the main exit became immediately choked up and a scene of terror, confusion and distress ensued, which beggars description. Just above the landing-place of the stairway a woman in the crush had her foot pushed between the bannisters and fell. The crowd behind, forced forward by the terrified people still further behind, fell over her, and piled on top of each other four and five deep.

The police from the station-house next door were promptly at the scene, but, owing to the manner in which the people were piled upon the top of each other and massed together, they could extricate comparatively few, and these were all bruised, bleeding and maimed. The firemen got to work on the ruins shortly after daylight this morning. They succeeded in getting as far as the fall of the dress-circle, where they found a great number of bodies. Immediately began the work of removal, and up to 11 o'clock 65 bodies had been removed, and what appeared to be 20 or 30 more were seen in the basement, into which they had been precipitated by the falling of the burning floors.

#### ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

Kate Claxton, at the preliminary inquiry of the Fire Marshal, said: "At the beginning of the last act, just as the curtain went up, I heard a rumbling noise on the stage, and two minutes after I saw the flames. The fire seemed to be all on the stage. Mrs. Farren, myself, Mr. Studley and Mr. Murdock were on the stage at this time. We four remained there and endeavored, as best we could, to quiet the audience, and prevent a panic. I said to the people, 'Be quiet; we are between you and the fire; the front door is open and the passages are clear.' Not one of the audience jumped on the stage. The flames were then coming down on us I ran out and jumped over several people.

Mr. H. S. Murdock, after endeavoring to calm the fears of the panic-stricken people, went to his dressing-room to get his clothing and must have been suffocated.

#### ESCAPE OF THE STAGE PEOPLE.

Actors and actresses escaped from the stage into Johnson Street. J. W. Thorp, stage manager, states that the fire occurred in this wise: A drop was ignited from a border light by some means inexplicable, as one was guarded from the other. He immediately directed the stage carpenter, Weaver, and two supernumeraries, to endeavor to extinguish the flame, but the difficulty was to reach the part on fire. The stage carpenter with the supernumeraries essayed to effect the object by lowering the drop, and in so doing added fuel to the flames. The scene, the last in the play, embraced a ceiling apartment, and the instant the burning drop came in contact with it the inflammable ceiling served to spread the existing flames in a flash, as though powder had previously been scattered about the scenery. The entire properties were in a blaze. The usual avenues of escape were thus summarily closed at the rear and an exit, if at all possible, had to be made by way of the box entrance. All, except perhaps one or two, thus escaped.

#### SCENES OF HORROR.

Wagon-loads of rough boxes were brought in front of the theater, and corpses are placed in them and covered with tarpaulins and carried to the morgue.

The scene grew more terrible every minute. Men and women were crowded around the station house and theater entrance, making inquiries for missing

friends. In some instances whole families have perished.

The bodies present every form of contortion, just as they stiffened in their last agony, when the floor gave way, and they plunged down in blinding smoke and flames. Arms and legs are bent and twisted in every way. Hands are clenched and reached out, as if grasping for help.

The Post says that about 11 o'clock a horrible discovery was made. In the midst of what was the lobby of the theater lay an immense pile of rubbish, smoldering beams, fragments of girders and other things. This heap was nearly opposite the principal entrance to the auditorium of the theater. Beyond it was another heap, marking the place where the stairs leading to the gallery fell. Under the heap first mentioned a dead body was found, and the firemen diligently prosecuted their search in this direction. With much labor some of the heaviest lumber was removed, and a horrible sight was revealed. Beneath that a mound of corpses lay in rows heaped one upon the other, packed together with a fearful solidity, which told of the great pressure to which they had been subjected. How many lay there, what their sex or age, no man could tell, and at noon only guesses could be made.

#### RECOVERING THE BODIES.

At 2 o'clock 115 bodies had been recovered, and there are probably as many more within the ruins. Some persons assert that none in the upper gallery of the theater escaped. The last man that left the stairs before they fell says that behind him was a helpless, half-suffocated crowd.

On Washington Street a line of horses and wagons were ready to remove the bodies. Great crowds of persons were gathered in the neighborhood of the Morgue to identify missing relatives and friends, and their lamentations are truly pitiful. It required a force of police to keep them from crowding over each other.

The Morgue is completely filled, and bodies are now carried to the old market building in Adams Street. They can not be recognized.

#### HORROR UPON HORROR

accumulated as the day advanced. Corpse after corpse charred and blackened was passed out and still the pile of bodies in the cellar did not seem to diminish. As the number mounted up to 150 and 160, the belief that the number would reach over 200 grew into a certainty, and finally at half past four the two hundredth body was removed. Some were found with limbs and hands burned off, and nothing left but a ghastly, blackened trunk. At 5 o'clock the number had reached 220—20 bodies being taken out in half an hour. A look into the pit at this time still showed a considerable pile of corpses lying crosswise like sticks of wood, and there were apparently still 50 or 60 corpses remaining. This was in the cellar under the inner vestibule from where all the bodies taken out to-day were removed. They lay in a pile apparently where they had been pitched into the cellar when the floor and stairway gave way.

#### EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.

At a late hour to-night 285 bodies had been recovered.

The Times says Fire Marshal Keady, who has made an exhaustive examination of the circumstances attending the fire, is of the opinion that at least 350 persons perished in the flames.

#### PUBLIC CONSIDERATION.

The courts adjourned this morning without transacting any business. There is intense excitement in the city and business partially suspended.

The Park Theater has been closed for the week. A meeting of the theatrical profession has been called for Thursday to concert measures for relief.

#### An Almost Incredible Story.

Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher Bishop, of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, tells an almost incredible story concerning the treatment of Mrs. Waitie Ann Gleason, a lady who now lives in her house. It is said that this lady, who is the widow of John T. Gleason, some time ago fainted in the street and was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Here, it is charged, she was stripped, robbed, thrown into a cell, and otherwise ill treated by a woman named Margaret and two other women. It is said that she was kept in the cell for several weeks and nearly starved to death. She was then sent to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, where she was struck on the head by a maniac and seriously wounded. All this time she was, it is asserted, perfectly sane. She was ultimately found by her friends and released by Dr. Parsons, who believed her to be in her right mind. The husband of Mrs. Gleason was a State Senator in Maine; was afterward a well known broker in this city, and owned a magnificent country-seat at Ravenswood.—New York Evening Post

## The Great Cyclone in Bengal.

Later news from southeastern Bengal confirms previous rumors of immense loss of life and property occasioned by the cyclone of October 31. Storms are frequent enough in those latitudes, but a Calcutta correspondent of the London Times says that this storm was more severe than any since the great cyclone of 1864, and that fuller details will doubtless show it to have been even more destructive than that memorable tempest.

The October cyclone arose somewhere in the Bay of Bengal, and, rushing northward in the track of vessels bound for Calcutta, dismasted many large ships, and did much other damage. But this was trifling compared to what it did on shore. Calcutta itself narrowly escaped its violence. At Chittagong it stranded every vessel in the harbor, and almost destroyed the town. Three large islands, Hattiah, Sundeeep, and Dakhin, with numerous smaller islands included in the Bacher-gunge, Nookhully, and Chittagong districts, were entirely submerged by the storm-wave, as was also the main land for five or six miles inland.

These islands are situated in or near the estuary of the river Megna. They have been formed by the deposition of earth washed down by the sacred river Ganges during its periodical inundations. The waters of the Ganges pour into the Bay of Bengal by fourteen principal channels. Some of these channels are so narrow that the rigging of coasting vessels is often entangled in the trees on the banks. Plentiful supplies of fish for the Calcutta market are procured in the numerous water courses of this region, although with difficulty and danger, as crocodiles and formidable serpents abound. The forests and jungles are crowded with tigers and other ferocious animals, and everywhere reigns the deadly malaria which makes the "Sunderbunds"—as the low, marshy lands of the delta are called, from being covered with the soundru, or sunder tree—the most inhospitable and unhealthy, as it is the hottest, part of British India. Government has made vigorous efforts to clear and to people the Sunderbunds. It has offered special inducements to settlers in this extensive maritime district and its adjacent islands, and relays of fresh victims to accident and disease have been tempted there to fill up the gaps left by their predecessors. A large portion of land has been cleared, and timber, cotton, rice, sugar cane, honey, and the mulberry tree for feeding silk worms, have yielded rich returns to enterprise and labor. The biggest of the submerged islands, Dakhin, was 800 square miles in extent, and had a population of about 240,000. Hattiah and Sundeeep together had about 100,000 inhabitants.

Up to 11 o'clock on the night of Oct. 31, according to a dispatch from Calcutta, there were no signs of danger; but before midnight a wave swept over the country to a depth in many places of 20 feet, surprising the people in their beds. Dense groves of coconut and palm trees around the villages enabled many persons to save themselves by climbing among the branches, and some took refuge on the roofs of their houses, but the water burst the houses asunder and swept them out to sea. Some were thus carried across the channel, ten miles, to the Chittagong district, but a vast majority were never heard of again. The country is flat, and almost every one perished who failed to reach the trees. More than one tree presented the queer spectacle often witnessed during an inundation of the Ganges—a "happy family" of serpents, birds, and beasts of diverse and hostile kinds, waiting aloft for this water to subside. All the cattle were drowned. The boats were swept away and other means of communication destroyed. The Calcutta Government Gazette says that "wherever the storm wave passed it is believed that not a third of the population survived. The islands have barely one-fourth of their former inhabitants." The latest official estimates, in a report by Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, put the total loss of life at 250,000. In some places the stench from the putrefying bodies is insufferable, and a general outbreak of the cholera, which has already appeared in Nookhully, is expected. Government is hastening to its duty of relieving the sore distress which prevails among the survivors of the cyclone.

Remoteness lessens the shock of the direct disasters, and India still seems far remote even in this day of triumph for steam and for the electric telegraph. These have almost annihilated time and space, so that Cook's travelers, who are nicknamed "globe trotters" in the East, can circumnavigate the earth in three months; and the earliest news of the Bengal cyclone came from Calcutta to London and New York in less than a fortnight. It was received, however, with comparative indifference, because the scene of the tragedy is so distant, and so little is known of the victims and their whereabouts, most of the localities that suffered not even being named on the map. Then there were so many victims as to leave only the same vague, confused notion of an aggregate loss of life which our limited conceptive faculties allow of that occasioned by a battle, an earthquake, a famine, or a pestilence, or of the total number of deaths during an hour throughout the world. Moreover, there are limitations to human sympathy as well as to human responsibility. As the eyelid protects the eye, a merciful film veils and shields our perception of human woes in the gross. But, on the other hand, the fact that both in England and in the United States, India is regarded as a favorite field for missionary effort, will create an interest regarding the fate of those who were exposed to the fury of the cyclone which otherwise would hardly be possible.—New York Sun.

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"TWELVE SKY PICTURES," BY PROFESSOR PROCTOR, THE ASTRONOMER, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," which will be likely to surpass in interest any series on popular science recently given to the public.

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SAM SING, a Celestial nabob of Elko, Cal., is about planting a colony of Chinese in Chicago, starting with 85 and having 150 others awaiting his order. California papers indulge in fervent hopes that the Chinese will become so enamored of the new climate as to relieve the Pacific shores of their presence.

WHEN a woman can feel a mouse crawling along her spinal column, and yet stop to think whether she has on striped stockings, before keeling over in a fit, she is at least qualified to enjoy the elective franchise.—Brooklyn Argus.

## HERE AND THERE.

It took a man-of-war, 519 men and 300 tons of coal to bring Tweed and his two pieces of baggage home from a foreign shore.

A LITTLE girl, learning for the first time that "we are all made of dust," said, after a brief meditation, "Then the black folks are made out of coal dust, ain't they?"—Brunswick News.

MR. ROBERT MICKLE, Cashier of the Union Bank of Baltimore, has probably been a bank officer for a longer time than any other man in the United States. He entered the service of that bank in 1819, and since 1830 has been its Cashier.

A YOUNG Chinaman has been admitted to the collegiate institute at Napa, California, without opposition from the students, who treat him as well as though he was of their own race. He has parted with his queue, and dresses like an American.

A RECENT census of India shows that 636 of the natives are authors and poets, 130 astronomers, 23,000 fortune-tellers and pedigree-makers, 30,000 religious mendicants, 8,000 painters and sculptors, 38,600 actors and jugglers, and 1,000 snake-charmers.

THE medical journals last spring published repeatedly the formula for Dr. Ferrier's new remedy for cold in the head. As the season for that distressing malady is at hand, we print the recipe, which is: Trisnitrate of bismuth 6 drams, pulverized gum-arabic 2 drams, and hydrochlorate of morphia 2 grains. This is used as a snuff, creates no pain, and causes, says the London Lancet, the entire disappearance of the symptoms in a few hours.

HERMAN OTT, of Omaha, could not get a living as a carpenter, and consequently became a grave-digger. This employment made him melancholy, and he says that he was unable to repel the idea that he ought to bury himself. So he dug a grave, shot himself at the brink of it, and fell in. He had arranged several bushels of dirt to fall on him when his body knocked out a prop, but the contrivance did not work, nor did the bullet kill him. His physician advises a change of employment.

A BEAUTIFUL young lady who had allowed the tendrils of her heart to twine fondly around a strapping conductor on a horse-car, had her affectionate nature crushed by the discovery that he was taking fare from her, and dead-heading another girl who lived in the same street. She did not eat pickles and pine away, but wrote him an affecting epistle, which read: "You want to knock down enough stamps to buy me a palmer shawl & a dolley vardin before Sunday, or I will put an awning over that girl's Eye the next time I meet her in Society. You hear me."

AN English correspondent writes of the Presidential building: "In the White House there is not a single room which can be associated by the greatest stretch of imagination with the idea of 'home.' One might as well set up one's household goods in a huge barn. The rooms are like naked, gaping vaults, with not one snug corner to be found through the whole length and breadth of them. They are intended only to look 'big,' and to provide space for the crowds of persons whom the President is expected to entertain, for the credit of the country, at his own expense."

A NEW Prison Chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new Chaplain." "O, ye are? Well, I have heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the Chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same with this one!"

A CURIOUS little scientific toy has made its appearance in the opticians' windows. It consists of a tiny windmill enclosed in a glass bulb of about three inches diameter, which revolves without any apparent motive power. The secret of the mystery is that the four vanes of the mill are blackened on one side, and coated with bright foil on the other. The bright side reflects the radiant heat of surrounding objects, and the dark side absorbs it. The enclosing bulb being partially exhausted of air, the difference of temperature creates a sufficient current to cause the vanes to move. The contrivance is called Crookes's Radiometer, from an erroneous idea which its inventor had that its motion was due to the force of rays of light.